

Slow Damage
Original Booklet



Illustration Works

Slow Damage Original Booklet
by Nitro+CHiRAL and JAST BLUE

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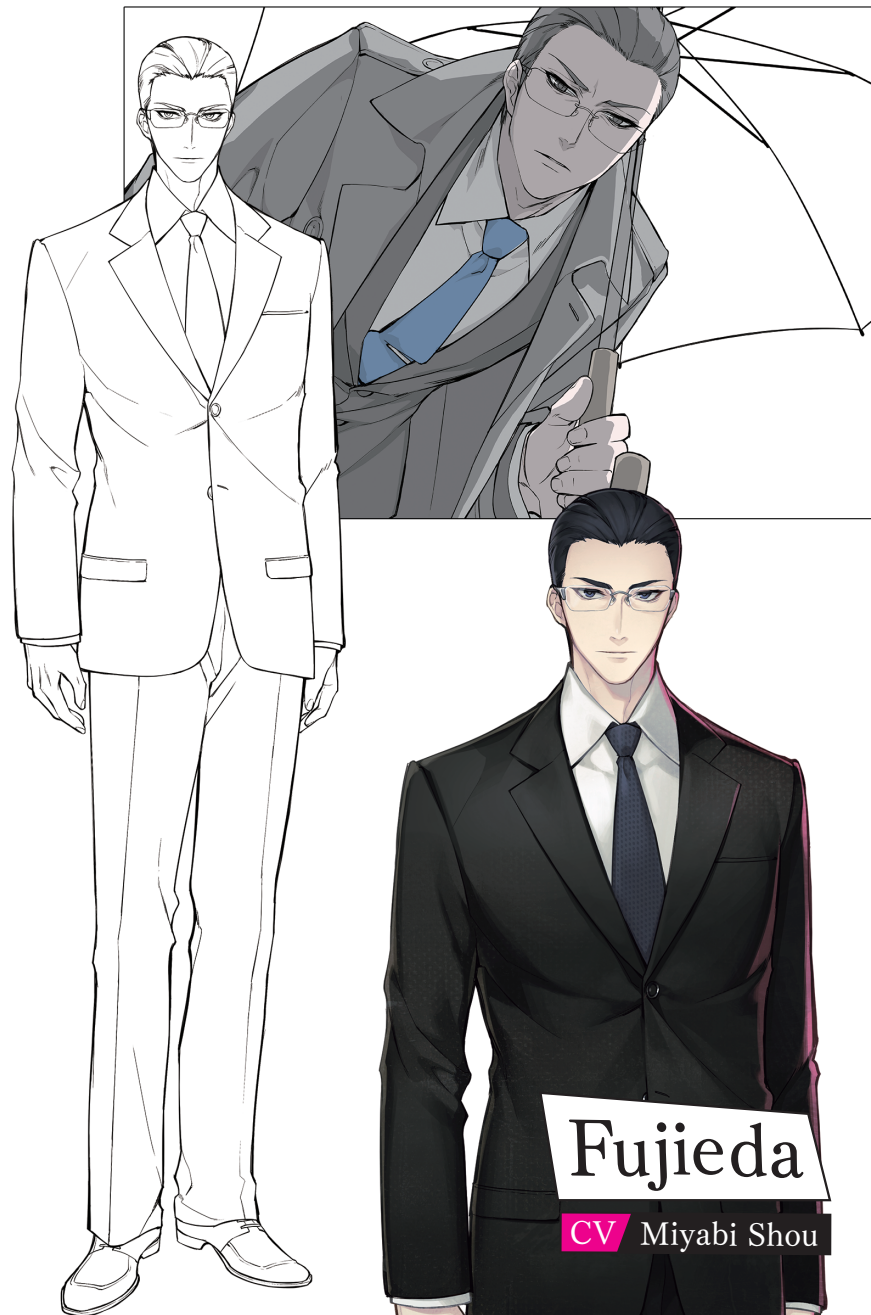
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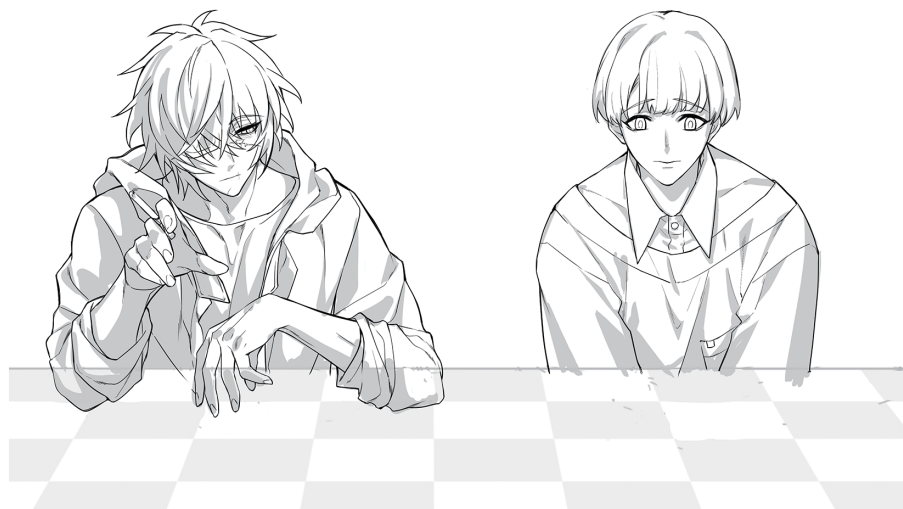
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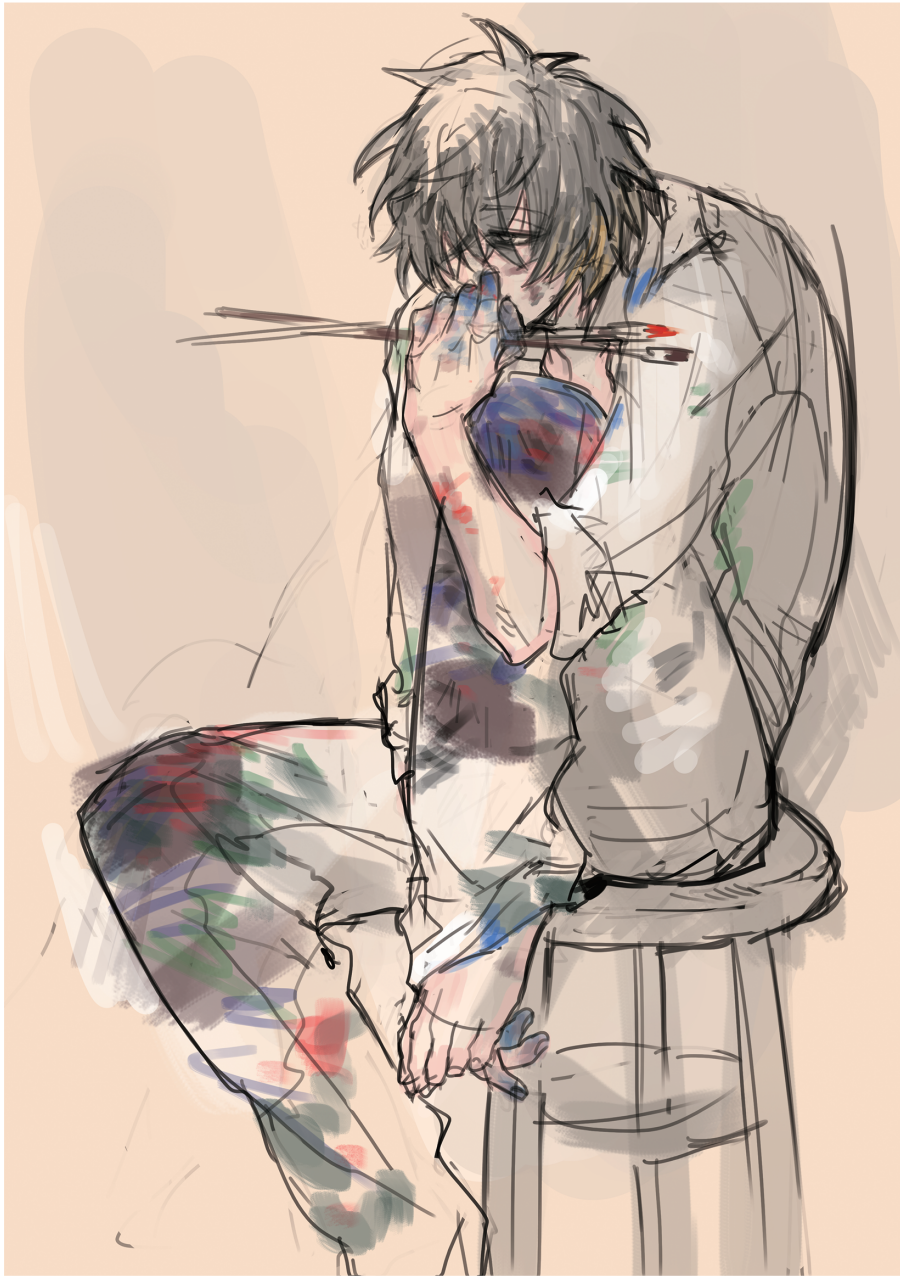












Short Story

「A Confession From Classmate **K**」

Fuchii Kabura

NOTE:

This story contains spoilers.
We recommend that you finish the entire
game before reading.

Dare demo towazu. Translation: “anything that moves.” That was why they all called him Towa—because he’d put out for anyone, regardless of gender. It was meant as an insult, of course, but oddly enough, the boy in question didn’t seem to care.

I was never friends with Towa. In fact, I scarcely noticed he existed...until one day, when a middle school classmate by the name of Izumi Rei kept asking me about him.

Izumi sat next to me in class that year, and for that reason, we spent a lot of time together. Even after we went our separate ways for high school, we kept in touch until I started college, at which point my whole family moved to the mainland with me. These days I hear through the grapevine that he’s working at a bar somewhere; as for me, I got hired at a mainland corporation, married a coworker, and started a family.

It wasn’t until I visited Shinkoumi years later on a business trip that I suddenly remembered him. Late one night after grabbing drinks with my business associates, I was stumbling around downtown in the direction of my parents’ house when I passed a familiar figure on the street. My eyes were initially drawn to the large scar bisecting the bridge of his nose, so I didn’t recognize him at first—that scar wasn’t there last I saw him. But after I passed him, it slowly dawned on me, so I stopped and looked back.

I couldn’t see much from behind, except that he’d grown taller since middle school...and yet he still exuded that same aura of depravity.

*

In middle school, Izumi wasn’t close to Towa at all—as far as I knew, the two were practically strangers. And when I tried to ask Izumi how they knew each other, he dodged the question. From this, I concluded that it was some kind of one-sided crush.

Our school was full of middle-class kids, and I’ll admit, Towa seemed to

have mastered the art of sex appeal way before the rest of us. He had been absent for a long time due to illness or something, so we’d all sort of forgotten about him. But when he came back, he started misbehaving almost immediately. Hardly anyone ever saw him on campus before lunch, and whenever we *did* see him, he’d be trudging along with his uniform a total mess. Sometimes in the afternoon, when I randomly looked out the window during class, I’d see him sitting on a bench in the courtyard, smoking cigarettes right out in the open.

He was bone-thin, with messy hair and a slouch, usually accompanied by clouds of white cigarette smoke. It was hard to see his face through his long bangs, but to this day, I can remember catching a glimpse of porcelain white skin beneath his unbuttoned shirt.

Then at some point I started hearing rumors about his mother’s death. Before his long absence, he was the perfect student, but now that she was gone, this was the new him, or so the story went. When I repeated this to Izumi, he grimaced wordlessly, and I had to assume this meant it was true.

Rumor had it Towa’s mother was sleeping with the leader of the Takasatogumi, but rumors like these were by no means uncommon. There were all sorts of rich people in Shinkoumi, and the fact that Towa was never punished for his rule-breaking suggested that the school was purposely looking the other way. Was he acting out due to his complicated relationship with his mother? Perhaps the truth was out there somewhere, but if so, no one at our school knew it. He seemed older than the rest of us, and shrouded in mystery, and none of us were brave enough to talk to him.

That being said, there was one thing about Towa that I never told anyone, even Izumi. And even now, I suspect I’ll take it to my grave.

*

That particular evening, it had started raining out of nowhere. The

morning forecast hadn't said a word about this, so naturally, I hadn't brought an umbrella. Now school was over and I was stuck in the classroom with no recourse. The tennis team didn't have a meetup today, so I was waiting for a friend to get back from his after-school activity.

Fervently I hoped it was just a passing shower that would ease up in a few minutes, but alas, the clouds outside were dark and heavy, unleashing a torrent that drilled against the windows. Even the classroom felt damp, and I was rapidly growing miserable sitting there all alone at my desk. So, for a change of pace, I decided I'd go to the library.

I left my classroom on the second floor and traveled down the stairs to the basement, where the halls were even colder, and it always felt vaguely desolate. Needless to say, this was not my favorite place. Walking quickly, I hurried into the library.

Inside, the lights were on, but it was seemingly deserted. Even the librarian in charge was nowhere to be seen.

The library was only half-underground, and I could hear the rain ceaselessly rattling the windows behind the curtains. It was a large room filled with bookshelves all the way to the back, and in the center, there was a seating area for reading and studying. Unlike in the classroom, the air here was both cold and humid. But I liked the smell of dust and old paper, so I found myself coming here a lot after school. Here, the endless drone of the raindrops didn't seem so bad.

To kill time, I decided to read something. Come to think of it, there was a book I'd been meaning to borrow once the previous student bothered to return it. But just as I started to go look for it—I heard a noise. From somewhere on the other side of the room.

I'd thought I was alone, so I nearly jumped out of my skin. Willing my pounding heart to relax, I followed the sound. The prep room? Was the librarian in there?

Only now, at the worst possible time, did I remember the school legend.

Our school didn't have a particularly long or storied history, but somehow it had still managed to produce a handful of glorified ghost stories, and one of them involved the library.

Just when my heart had finally calmed down, I could feel it speeding up again as I moved toward the prep room. Obviously it was just the librarian in there. The moment I saw her, I was going to feel so silly.

As I approached, I realized the prep room door was slightly ajar. Sure enough, it was just a regular human being in there. Relieved, I peered in through the gap.

The first thing I saw was...a leg.

The curtains were open, but the rainclouds blocked out all natural light. The bare, unclothed leg seared itself into my vision, practically glowing in the darkness. I realized it was resting on a guy's shoulder, bouncing. Then I heard ragged breathing and moaning, and out of nowhere, a pale hand reached up and grabbed the guy's arm.

I was so startled, I nearly screamed, but I covered my mouth with both hands just in time. I already knew what these two were doing.

"...Aah...haah..."

The faint, faltering male voices drifted up an octave, taking on a pleading tone. Wait—they were both male? This was a co-ed school, so I'd assumed the receiving partner was female, but no, they were both guys... Two guys, having sex...? This shocking revelation left me a little lightheaded, but nevertheless, I kept watching.

The guy on top writhed for a moment, then leaned forward, and the next instant—

"Aah...! Aah, haah...!"

His partner could no longer suppress his moans. All the blood in my body rushed to my face, and my heart throbbed in my ears as my hands shook with tension and arousal. Then the guy on top began to move rhythmically. The pale leg on his shoulder jostled with the motions, and the hand on his arm grasped

at him desperately.

“Haah...hnnn...!”

Moans filled the humid air, and I couldn’t tell whose was whose. As I stood there transfixed, unable to even blink, I realized my own penis was painfully erect. I was watching two guys having sex...and yet some part of me was viscerally turned on. Granted, I was a teenager with a healthy interest in sex, but even then...I was lusting for the faceless owner of that alluring pale leg.

I spied with rapt attention as my hand started to move subconsciously to my groin. The giving partner began to thrust faster as his breaths grew animalistic in nature. Likewise, the leg bounced harder.

“I’m cumming... I’m cumming...!” the top groaned in a strained voice, and he fell still and quiet. His back spasmed, and when I heard the breath hitch in his throat, I knew he had climaxed.

For me, watching him get there had made me even hornier. Did it really feel that good inside the pale guy? Good enough to cum? Even though he was male?

As those thoughts swirled in my head, the receiving partner suddenly grabbed the top’s shoulders and yanked him close. But right as I thought maybe they were going to kiss...the top leapt backwards and away from the bottom. He hastily pulled his clothes back on, then ran for the door—*where I was standing*.

In an instant, I pulled away from the gap in the door and pressed myself up against the wall. The guy ran out through the door, and without even looking at me, bolted out of the library. Dazed, I watched him go, clueless as to what had just happened.

“...Heehee...”

Just then, I heard a giggle. I flinched. Then, slowly, I peered in through the wide-open prep room door.

In the spot where the giving partner had knelt, there sat a guy in his birthday suit. He looked straight at me, and our eyes met. His crotch was exposed, his manhood standing at attention between his loosely spread legs.



This was the owner of the pale legs, and the moment I saw his face, I recognized him as Towa.

Damp eyes peered out from behind his long bangs. His shirt was almost completely off, and I could visibly see his lanky chest heaving. He smiled thinly, radiating heat from every pore. His faintly flushed cheeks were oddly seductive.

“You were watching the whole time, weren’t you?”

The hoarse voice made me flinch embarrassingly hard. I was so panicked, I didn’t realize he was speaking to me.

“I could feel your gaze.” As he spoke, he licked his bottom lip. “It was hot, so I told *him* about it, too. And then he ran like a coward.”

That explained it. Anyone would want to bolt if they found out they were being watched. Yet Towa here acted as if it was no big deal. The rumors were right—there was something wrong with him—and yet...I couldn’t take my eyes off him.

As if he read my mind, he spread his legs wide, a pale finger tracing along his thigh.

“That dude gave me a bad case of blue balls, bailing on me like that. I didn’t even get to finish.”

Perfectly on cue, a bead of precum rose to his tip and dripped down. I swallowed hard in spite of myself. I could feel a cold sweat dripping from every pore in my body. But why was I sweating? From fear? Tension? Or...?

A stiff ache shot through my loins. Then he spread himself open with one hand, letting me get an arousing eyeful of his hidden entrance. Thick white fluid leaked out from the swollen, puffy hole.

“Get over here. C’mom.”

His other hand reached for me—and the next instant, I turned and ran and never looked back. I dashed out of the library, then threw myself full-speed down the dark hall. As I ran up the stairs, I could feel something igniting inside me.

The hand extended in my direction. His bare lower body. Sticky, dripping fluids. The feverish smile. The images flashed through my mind one after another and refused to stop...

Before I knew it, I had run up the stairs all the way to the roof. I came to a stop at the door leading outside, then put my hands on my knees and wheezed. I had never been to the roof before; was the door even unlocked? Still breathing hard, I gave it an experimental push. It opened.

I had already run out onto the roof by the time I remembered it was raining. The water poured down on me like a shower, soaking me instantly. But the fever burning inside refused to be quenched. As I took a deep breath, the rain flowed into my mouth, drowning me. I coughed again and again, then crouched down on the spot.

The barrage of raindrops blocked out all sight and sound, isolating me in my own little world. There, I thought back to that single pale hand held out in my direction. My heart skipped a beat. Something in my gut had told me I shouldn’t take his hand—that if I gave in to his temptation, he would corrupt me...and I would like it. Somehow, though I’d never been attracted to another man before that moment, I knew it for a fact.

Towa was the walking personification of depravity. He showed people a vision of hedonistic pleasure, offered them the temptation, and tried to drag them in. I shook my head, chasing away the images of him burned into my brain. Then I looked up at the sky and let the cold rain pound against my face to summon back my rational thinking.

That was close.

*

I never told anyone about what happened that day, not even Izumi. And whenever I saw Towa after that, I tried not to make eye contact—tried not to think about him. I was afraid I would remember it. Fortunately (for me, at least),

he hardly ever came to school, so my memories gradually faded over time.

To think we would reunite here, after all these years. If Towa was still in Shinkoumi, then what about Izumi? For a moment I considered getting in touch with him, but changed my mind. He could have changed his number by now. And besides...

At this point, I was a full-grown adult with common sense. I couldn't afford to feel that way about Towa again. Even though I knew he was toxic, the curiosity would get the better of me. I would want to gaze into the abyss, knowing all the while it would gaze back. And I wasn't confident I could resist his corruption. That was just how big of an impact he had left on me.

One last time, I gazed over my shoulder and watched until Towa had vanished into the distance. Then I turned back and set off down the street. Tomorrow, I would return to the mainland...and it was here where I would leave those old memories behind.

At least, I prayed I would.

Others



Track list

01. il / Anna Evans golden folks
02. arlequin / THE ANDS
03. inside out / THE ANDS
04. after all / THE ANDS
05. Genzai kara Mirai he / GOATBED
06. HEAD CASE TATTOO / GOATBED
07. Keep me alive / ARKTA
08. Damaging you / ARKTA
09. Shinjurou / Anna Evans golden folks
10. lullaby / KiRi

▶M01,09

Performed by Anna Evans golden folks
Lyrics: YUKO-KAT
Music&Arrangement: Akihiro Yoshida
Mixing: Akihiro Yoshida

▶M02,03,04

Performed by THE ANDS
Lyrics: naofumi isogai
Music: naofumi isogai
Arrangement: THE ANDS
Mixing: rikiya fukuyama (studio do-do)

▶M05,06

Performed by GOATBED
Lyrics: GOATBED
Music&Arrangement: GOATBED
Mixing: GOATBED

▶M07,08

Performed by ARKTA
Lyrics: Tak
Music: kenken
Arrangement: StellarStairs
Mixing: kenken

▶M10

Performed by KiRi
Lyrics: KiRi
Music&Arrangement: KiRi
Mixing: KiRi

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Mastered at Sony Music Studios Tokyo

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Co-director: Hirata Hironobu (RUBBER SOUL MUSIC)
Distribution Management: Kurosawa Hideki
Products Coordinator: Adamlovin
Music Publication: Noritarou
Sales Promotion: maimai, Azuma Satoru
Producer: Digtarou



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